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LEISURE HOURS


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LEISURE HOURS.



LEISURE HOURS

BY M. A. T. SANDYS

AUTHORESS OF "THE DECALOGUE"



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TO MY DEAR AND VALUED FRIEND MRS. LODER.

IN dedicating theſe ſcattered thoughts to you, who ſo well knew me in days long paſt, I do ſo becauſe I feel that of all the friends which this ever-changing world has ſpared me, you would beſt appreciate the circumſtances which called ſome of them forth; and I ſhall truſt to a generous public to look favourably on the little work which is now launched on the wide world for approval, hoping they will be lenient in their criticiſm, for I moſt truly can ſay, with the grand old poet, Gregory of Nazianzen:—

Thou didſt, by Thy power divine,
Make the human ſpirit ſhine.
Have I reaſon? It is Thine.
Have I wiſdom? 'Tis not mine.
Thou haſt lit this lamp of thought
Where Thou haſt Thine image wrought,
That Thy heavenly light might glow
In that image here below.

Since the above was in the preſs my dear friend has paſſed away to a brighter world!



CONTENTS.

	Page
TO my Brother Montague	3
To the Memory of Blucher, our Dog	4
The Old Man's Bleſſing	6
On Reading an Iriſh Tale by Mrs. Hall	7
To my Friend J. R.	11
To my much Eſteemed Friend Beſſie	12
To my Aunt on her Birthday	14
To my much Eſteemed Friend	15
To E. W. B. S.	17
On being aſked by a Friend to write ſomething	18
On a Spray of Seaweed	20
On my Lamented and Beloved Huſband	21
To J. W.	22
To E. L.	23
On being told by a Friend that our Liturgy was not ſo impreſſive as Extemporary Prayer	25
On Love and Friendſhip	26
On Reading that my Friend Mr. Lyon was the firſt to meet the Queen on her landing at Cork	28
A Puzzle	29
To my Eſteemed Friend J. S.	31
To the Miſſes Jones	32
On the Firm of Rhodes and Lane	33

Page

To a Friend 34
Lines to —— 35
To my Friend E. 36
To my Friend C. B., on his Birthday 36
To my Friend E. E. 37
To a Valued Friend 37
On Friendſhip 38
To Miſs C., on her Marriage with Count de T—— . 40
On pretty Gyp, or Gypſy 40
To my Valued Friend E. E. 41
To my Friend E. E. 42
To a Friend 44
To F. L. 44
To my Brother Marcus, on his Birthday . . . 46
To Friend E. 47
On a "Bonjour Philippe" 48
To Frederick Lindeſay, Eſq. 48
To J. W. 49
On the New Year, 1849 50
The Father to his Son 52
To S. R 53
To my Valued Friend E. L. 55
To a Valued Friend, E. L. 56
To a Friend 57
To a Friend 58
On Painting a Landſcape for a Kind Friend's Birthday 59
To Julia 60
On Sending a Wedding Preſent to C. R. . . . 60
An Impromptu 61
To the Memory of Chicheſter Forteſcue Bolton, Eſq. . 63

My Dear Montague,

I HAVE an apology to offer for this dog-gerel rhyme, but you will ſee that I ſhortly anticipate a ſeparation from you, if not by your being "famed for Deeds of Arms," at leaſt by my Deeds of Parchment. Adieu.

From your

Truly affectionate Siſter,

M. A. T. Meryweather.

Grove Field, 1835.

LEISURE HOURS.

TO MY BROTHER MONTAGUE.

YOU tell me your heart with pleaſure beats high;
Through life, deareſt boy, may you ſcarce know a ſigh.
When thy wiſhes are granted and war is thy choice
In thy joy and proſperity I ſhall rejoice.
Should the tears of affection ſteal ſoft o'er thy mind
When thinking of home and the friends left behind,
May this tribute of love diſpel gloom from thy heart.
Think not long on the fate which has forced us to part!
In far diſtant lands may they hear of thy fame,
For the conqueror's laurels you'll then proudly claim.
May Fortune attend thee, whilſt Ambition is crown'd,
But for Envy's rude breath no aſylum be found!

Then, exile, bend homewards, rich laden with ſpoils,
Thy trophies are monuments of glory and toils;
Though proud with ſucceſs of deeds worthy thy name,
Return to thy friends with a heart juſt the ſame.
May all thy loved circle be preſent to cheer
The return of the youth ſo beloved and ſo dear.
May thy home be as gay and the hearth burn as bright,
To prove to thy heart that ſorrow ſat light;
Though the unbidden tear was then firſt known to ſtart,
Thoughts of glory alone cauſed you then to depart.
Whate'er, beloved ſtranger, was felt when we parted,
Is paſt—And the ſoldier's laſt wiſh has been granted.

Grove Field, 1835.

TO THE MEMORY OF BLUCHER, OUR DOG.

THE drooping willow that o'erſhades the ſhelter'd ſpot,
And marks thy reſting-place, and points our doom, our lot,
Like leaves which bud and ſpring, then fade and ſoon decay,
Are emblems of thyſelf—now here—now far away.

Thy worth and merit, Blucher, long will fill each heart,
Who knew thee beſt knew well the pang it coſt to part.
The matchleſs poet has immortalized thy race—
All after efforts fail—who can his ſteps retrace?
Oft have we rambled till the ſunken ſun's laſt ray
Has mark'd the fading beauties of declining day,
To ſee thee ruſh with boundleſs joy and plunge ſo free,
Diſturb the peaceful ſtream, now daſh with buoyant glee,
Then ſhake thy dripping, ſparkling, curly, gloſſy locks,
And bark exultingly, and bound from banks to rocks.
Unlike thyſelf the far-famed Severn's lucid ſtream
For ever flows—heedleſs that life is but a dream,
Yet like thyſelf reflects a mirror of thy mind—
Bright, ſpotleſs purity, and beauty all combined.
Thy dauntleſs courage kept thy maſter from all fear—
Words fail to ſpeak thy praiſe, I pauſe—and drop a tear.

Grove Field, June, 1835.

THE OLD MAN'S BLESSING.

I STOOD to take a laſt farewell
Of grove, of lawn, of mead, and dell,
And while I view'd each varying ſcene,
An old man on his ſtaff did lean.

I knew him ere his hair was grey,
He watch'd my childiſh ſports of play,
And now he comes with loving heart
To breathe a prayer before we part.

The old man preſſ'd his hand in mine,
A tear-drop gliſt'ning all the while,
As ſpent with age his words were few,
And all his prayer was "God bleſs you."

The breeze will waft that prayer on high,
Where God enthroned with watchful eye,
To each petition from the heart
His heavenly bleſſing will impart.

And when the old man's eyes are cloſed
In ſleep of death in calm repoſe,
Then the Recording Angel brings
His book before the "King of kings."

And in that book all thoughts are known,
With each outpouring of man's ſoul;
'Twere better far than riches rare,
"God bleſs you" was his only pray'r.

The heart from which theſe feelings flow
Will feel through future weal or woe,
'Twas better far than riches rare
To hear that old man's ſimple prayer.

Dark thoughts that in man's boſom ſtirs,
Is there in burning characters;
And he will be with bleſſings paid,
Who bleſſings for another pray'd.[1]

November 11th, 1848.

ON READING AN IRISH TALE BY MRS. HALL,

ENTITLED "THE SILVER LINING GILDS THE CLOUD."

EAR diſtant does the proverb run,
"There's no new thing beneath the ſun,"
And yet how many will be found,
At home, abroad, or ſcatter'd round,

[1] This verſe added by my friend George Soane.

To whom my theme is ſomething new,
When heard, at leaſt, believed by few;
And theſe would pauſe ere they confeſt,
That e'en in trouble God does bleſs!
And doubt when I proclaim aloud,
"A ſilver lining gilds the cloud."

But though at reaſon's earlieſt dawn
Of infancy there links a thorn,
Some trifling ſorrow mars its play,
To cloud its ſunſhine, day by day:
It may have hurt the tender frame,
And turn'd to tears the merry game,
But quickly to its mother's knee,
Her kiſs will change the grief to glee!
And thus I may proclaim aloud,
The babe has ſilver to its cloud!

As years flow on the joyous look
Is ſadden'd, when at ſchool the book
Neglected lies: the taſk unſaid,
Perchance the pages ſcarcely read,
And maſters who with learned lore
Frown on the youth who lacks ſuch ſtore:
But ſoon ſuch gloom is chaſed away—
The bell peals forth the hour for play,
Then may I not proclaim aloud
That ſilver gilds the paſſing cloud?

Another verſe I fain muſt bring,
For ſchool is an important thing,

'Tis then the mind is form'd for life,
The germ buds forth in peace or ſtrife.
Ye Tutors of the infant mind,
With firmneſs rule, and yet be kind;
The veil of ignorance chaſe away;
The plaſtic mind may bend thy way:
Thy care may change a ſpirit proud,
Or paſſions quell which cauſed the cloud.

But ſchool and college each have reſt
When inmates ſcatter eaſt and weſt:
Then dunce or captain of the ſchool
Proclaim aloud that joy bears rule;
For all have hearts to home inclined,
Thrice welcome every much-loved child!
Brothers, ſiſters, each too ſhare
The bleſſings of parental care;
While truly they proclaim aloud—
The ſilver gilds all former cloud.

When time matures the youthful frame,
And emulation fires the brain,
Dark clouds ambition ſcatters round,
Or lurking envy may be found,
To haraſs with inſidious art,
Till wiſdom's ways poſſeſs the heart,
"Her merchandiſe excels all gold,"
"A tree of life her ſteps unfold;"
Chooſe, then, her paths, for thus endow'd,
Her ſilver lining gilds each cloud.

Whate'er the deſtiny of life—
If ſoldier in the battle rife;
Or clergy leading thoſe aright,
Who once have ſtray'd from paths of light;
Or ſailor bounding o'er the ſea;
Or farmer ploughing o'er the lea;
Poets and painters, lawyers ſhare
One round of anxious daily care,
Till death his mantle flings around,
Whilſt bright refulgent clouds ſurround.

Should life have been one ſtormy wave,
From youth to manhood, till the grave
Shall ſnap the "ſilver cord" in death,
"Or golden bowl," with life's laſt breath,
May we with faith here ſtand each ſhock,
Whilſt anchor'd on th' Eternal Rock!
Nor fear the trumpet's awful ſound,
But with redeemed ſouls be found,
In loud hoſannahs there to ſing
Continued praiſe to God our King,
To whom be glory, honour, power,
Before whoſe throne no cloud can lour.

Miſerden, June, 1849.

TO MY FRIEND J. R.

DO you think that we each know our heart?
Or is friendſhip in name but a boaſt?
Did it cauſe one emotion to part?
I ſhould ſay, a farewell was the moſt!

Yet you aſk'd me for friendſhip's bright chain,
Which no goldſmith could rivet if ſnapp'd;
Nor if loſt could you ever regain!
For its links round the heart would be wrapp'd.

Shall I tell you why thus I appeal?
For I think that the angels on high
Sometimes whiſper "The abſent do feel!"
And tranſmit ſuch a truth from the ſky.

For laſt night in my viſion you were,
And by kindneſs paſt wrongs you redreſſ'd;
Whilſt I felt in your preſence aware
Of a balm that can ſoothe the oppreſt.

May 18th, 1851.

TO MY MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND BESSIE,

ON HER MARRIAGE WITH GYLES LODER, ESQ.

IF it were in my pow'r to pray
For heav'n to ſhed one brighter ray
Than I have yet implored for thee,
Read well this heart, and thou wouldſt ſee
How ſoon my ev'ry nerve I'd ſtrain,
For love like mine can never wane;
No meteor wings its courſe more ſwift
Than I my prayer on high would lift;
But though I cannot offer more,
Or add one boon not aſk'd before,
Still I will wiſh thee, o'er and o'er,
The choiceſt bleſſings God can pour.
"Some planet rules," ſo wiſe men ſay,
And guides us from our natal day:
Then may the ſtar when you were born
Shine brightly on thy wedding morn!
The day has dawn'd, time will not ſtop,
Swiftly it flies to bleſs thy lot,

When thou thy heart, as gold refined,
This treaſure gave to him, who pined,
Regardleſs of all earthly bliſs
Unleſs combined with this proud wiſh—
To call you his beloved wife,
And claim you as his own through life!
The Cornucopia's fill'd this day,
For Love and Hymen lead the way!
Such horn has ev'ry gift entwined—
With Cupid's magic ring enſhrined.
And doubly do I hail this morn,
For 'tis the day when thou waſt born!
Again a theme my thoughts employ,
To hail thy natal day with joy.
The marriage o'er, while friends ſurround,
The bells peal forth their merry ſound;
The feſtive board adorn'd with grace,
My pen would fail ſuch ſcene to trace—
Of various luxuries each partake:
The young moſt covet wedding cake,
For all have heard of myſteries deep,
Reveal'd by Morpheus while aſleep;
The goblet then is rear'd on high,
The parting wiſh is drawing nigh.
While hearts o'erflow the tear will ſtart,
For ſoon the happy pair depart,
But tranſient as the paſſing ſhow'r,
None grieve to mar this bliſsful hour;

And thus the bridegroom cheers his friends:
Believe me, marriage joy ne'er ends.
Then follow in ſuch ſteps as mine,
You cannot at ſuch courſe repine!

July 12th, 1849.

TO MY AUNT ON HER BIRTHDAY.

I DO not boaſt of Cocker's brains,
Nor is it well to gueſs;
You might not thank me for my pains,
If age was here expreſſ'd.

So I ſhall paſs to years in ſtore,
And pray that you may live,
Enjoying health full twenty more,
May heav'n all bounteous give!

And if there is another boon
Good wiſhes could impart,
I'd pray you might poſſeſs it ſoon,
In truth, with all my heart.

The golden ray that gilds the morn
Sheds luſtre down the vale;
While miſts and dews of early dawn
Diſperſe o'er hill and dale.

And thus mayſt thou, as years decline,
While time is ſpared to thee,
In every virtue brightly ſhine,
As ſunbeams o'er the lea.

By all his genial pow'r is felt,
So hearts with goodneſs crown'd
Can ever human nature melt,
Extending bleſſings round.

Yet this is not our reſting-place,
Our ſouls muſt wing their flight
To realms above the throne of grace,
Where dwells our "Rock and Might."

The Grove, October 27th, 1849.

TO MY MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND.

ON GIVING A RING.

SHORT is the time ſince firſt we met,
Yet friendſhip's chain was quickly ſet:
The links, entwined with magic ſkill,
Are firmly claſp'd as wedding ring,
Though ſages ſay as we get old,
It follows that our love grows cold;

But let us prove their adage wrong,
And with affection journey on
Through life's gay ſcenes, while here below
Hearts can unite where'er we go,
And while I live my prayer ſhall be,
For health, long life, and peace to thee!
Accept this tribute ere we part—
The offering of a feeling heart.
Would it had pow'r to charm away
One painful thought; then might I ſay:
'Tis like the regal ring you wear,
A taliſman to guard from care!
When to Vienna's court you ſtray,
Hope truſts for bleſſings o'er thy way.
The ring in radiance cannot ſhine
Near treaſures of Golconda's mine!
'Twill whiſper, though in foreign lands,
'Twas friendſhip's gift from M. A. Sandys.

Felpham, September 5th, 1848.

TO E. W. B. S.

MY MUSE HAS BEEN AMUSING HERSELF AND BEGS TO DEDICATE HER LAYS TO THEE.

THOUGH thy friends may forſake thee
and ſlander thy name,
Still I pledge thee my love with a heart
e'er the ſame.
A leſs ſkilful hand than Lavater's can trace
Thoſe virtues and feelings Time ne'er can efface.
That high manly brow and the eye of deep feeling,
Show plainly that love o'er thy mind is ſoft ſtealing.
Thy youth beam'd with brightneſs, refulgent it ſhone,
But yet, noble boy, fickle Fortune has flown.
To repay thee in part ſhe has ſtill left behind
Pandora's beſt gift to give eaſe to thy mind.
May a garland of bliſs by the Fates be entwined,
Whilſt health, love, and peace to thy lot be conſign'd;
Unite goodneſs with honour, that thy foes ſhall behold
None can rob thee of gifts far more precious than
gold.
To add joy to thy ſoul and lighten thy heart,
Will be my firſt care till death us ſhall part:

From the ſports of the chaſe to return home with glee,
And be welcomed with ſmiles by the heart true to thee.
Adieu now, loved Edwin, you'll ne'er be forgot
Until ſkill can unravel the Gordian knot.

1834.

ON BEING ASKED BY A FRIEND TO WRITE SOMETHING.

AND what ſhall be my theme to-day?
Full ſcope you give to poet's lay.
Shall I then dwell on battle-field,
Where foe to foe no quarter yield,
Amid the ſmoke and cannons' roar,
Though heroes fall they charge e'en more?
Or now deſcend to billowy wave,
And tell how Britiſh tars can brave
The ſtorm or fleet of hoſtile foe,
While laurels crown each ſtep they go?
But leaving war to ſterner hearts,
I turn from camp to Cupid's darts.
But then forſooth where'er he reigns,
True love is fraught with many pains.

Then glancing on our Courts of Law—
Why, they abound with many a flaw,
And, ſtranger ſtill, each "learn'd brother"
With quibbles oft confound each other.
Or from the woodlands ſhall I twine
A wreath from Flora's ſtore divine?
Or pluck from poet ſome bright thought,
Yet priſtine notions are not taught.
So they ſhall have the palm they claim,
For talents are the road to fame.

But ſtill I wiſh thee evermore,
In days to come as days of yore,
That happineſs may be your ſhare,
Free from all load of worldly care.
And now I pray that Heav'n may ſhine,
Fulfilling ev'ry wiſh of thine!
May health, long life, thy portion be,
Including oft one thought of me:
In marriage bleſt—what more deſire?
So now farewell, leſt I ſhould tire,
And pray you will forget me not,
For friends can ſoothe life's cheerleſs lot!

April 17th, 1849.

ON A SPRAY OF SEAWEED.

THOU lovely ſpray of feath'ry pinky hue
By ſome rough wave expoſed to human view,
Faſt to ſome rocky treaſure wert thou bound,
Too far remote for plummet line to ſound—
Say, was ſome mariner by tempeſt led
Quickly engulf'd beneath thy dang'rous bed,
Or merchant laden with his precious ſtore,
Which he had hoped to bear from ſhore to ſhore?
Or do thy billows roll on orphan form,
And cloſe his griefs beneath the raging ſtorm?
For him the foaming wave would bring repoſe,
Whoſe life was one of ſorrow to its cloſe.
But vain to aſk! Each one muſt fully know
The ſilent deep reveals not human woe;
There many reſt: for God has ſurely ſaid,
Hereafter ſhall the ſea give up her dead!
The ſtormy petrel warn'd of clouds more dark
While ocean heaves convulſively the bark;
But who can look o'er that expanſive main
Heedleſs of Him who does each wave enchain?

Who at His word once bid the ſea be ſtill,
To teach mankind to fear and know His will.

"Then call us not weeds,—we are flowers of the ſea,
"For lovely and bright, and gay-tinted are we;
"And quite independent of ſunſhine or ſhowers,
"Then call us not weeds—we are ocean's gay flowers.
"Not nurſed like the plants of a ſummer's parterre,
"Where gales are but ſighs of an evening air;
"Our exquiſite, fragile, and delicate forms,
"Are nurſed by the ocean—and rock'd by the ſtorms!"

1849.

ON MY LAMENTED AND BELOVED HUSBAND,

THE REV. EDWIN WINDSOR BAYNTUN SANDYS.

LOVED Edwin, gently has thy ſpirit fled,
Would that thy wife could ſhare thy narrow bed!
But all muſt bend to God's unchanged decree:
Death's iron hand has ſet thy ſpirit free,
To realms of bliſs where ſeraphs hourly ſing
Glory to God, Jehovah, Prieſt, and King!
On earth thy joys were fleeting as the wind,
But now all grief and care are left behind.

The grave is peace, thy Saviour's promiſe ſure,
Whoſe word from age to ages ſhall endure.
For lo, the Righteous Judge of all mankind
Diſpels our fears and reaſſures the mind
Of all who faithfully on Him rely,
And wings their way to realms beyond the ſky.
In thy laſt moments often didſt thou ſay,
"My heavenly Father calls—I muſt obey;"
So cloſed thy life in faith with hymns of praiſe,
To reſt till trumpet ſounds, and all are raiſed.

1839.

TO J. W.

APPEARANCES certainly ſtand in the way,
Yet I truſt to a gen'rous friend
To believe that in thought you were many a day,
Though no letter through poſt did I ſend.

But why let the demon yclept Fell Deſpair
Intervene to mar friendſhip's pure flame?
Oh, baniſh the fiend, let him vaniſh in air,
And doubt not my heart is the ſame.

Amidſt ſunſhine or ſtorm, whatever the day,
Indulge in your dream, 'tis quite true;
Neither age nor the raven locks turn'd into grey,
Will alter my feelings for you.

Then think it no fiction that ſome Sandys are ſure,
'Tis the ſmooth ſands the mariner fears.
Though life has its cares you may well reſt ſecure,
For my love will remain throughout years.

Auguſt 20th, 1861.

TO E. L.

IF an angel had whiſper'd that thou couldſt deceive,
I dare not have doubted the ſeraph's ſad word,
Whilſt none on this earth could have made me believe,
I'd have turn'd a deaf ear to all that I heard.

But has Fortune then changed one by me held ſo dear,
Or the world and its pleaſures ſo eagerly ſought,
That thou canſt neglect and appear inſincere,
When friendſhip's a boon that no riches e'er bought.

Oh, doſt thou forget as we wander'd alone,
Or view'd the wide ocean with waves bounding high,
That our promiſes wafted where ſecrets are known,
Though no limit there is to the Omniſcient Eye!

I cannot believe that thine heart has grown cold;
Like a diamond I knew it to ſhine pure and bright,
While the ſtar of affection roſe ſoon to unfold,
In its rays, radiant beams of a heavenly light.

I ſhall dwell on the paſt, though with painful regret,
Yet no word will I hear that can prejudice thee;
But oh! it were better we never had met,
Than have lived to have ſeen that you feel nought for me.

December 13th, 1849.

ON BEING TOLD BY A FRIEND THAT OUR

LITURGY WAS NOT SO IMPRESSIVE AS EXTEMPORARY PRAYER.

OH, think not the prayers that each Sabbath are ſaid
Can be formal or dull to the ear;
Join with every petition in church that is read,
No extemporary prayer is ſo clear.

Did you ever reflect that they were compiled
In the earlieſt Chriſtian time,
By Gregory and Ambroſe, ere error defiled
Or ſchiſm cauſed faith to decline?

If prayer oft repeated ſhall heedleſſly fall,
Oh, aſk for that grace from above;
In the temple of God more eſpecially call,
He is there with rich gifts of His love.

The cares of this life may oppreſſively weigh,
And diſtract when we would moſt attend;
But Chriſt intercedes when we earneſtly pray,
Through Whom all our prayers muſt aſcend.

God will hear from His throne and His ſpirit impart,
To guide against wandering thought,
Leſt we ſpeak with the lips and not with the heart,
For ſuch worſhip with evil is fraught.

He that ſearcheth the heart will read thee aright,
Looking down with compaſſionate eye,
For our ſins and our faults are all in His ſight,
Who accepteth the penitent's ſigh.

Then leave not the church where thy forefathers knelt,
Which martyrs have died to preſerve ;
May the truths therein utter'd be inwardly felt,
Your reward is a crown in reſerve.

Chelſea, January 24th, 1850.

ON LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

THOUGH love I admit is the beſt of all chains,
Yet friendſhip's pure gem with no bribe can be bought,
Whilſt Cupid's barb'd arrow is hidden with pains,
Whether love, gold, or beauty, the prize that is ſought.

Yet think not I would for one moment deride,
Or caſt love's emotions away in diſdain;
With the Stoic alone can ſuch feelings ſubſide,
While I hail the bright ſtar whereſoever it reign.

Full well I can feel with a cloud of regret,
When the fickle god mars all the hopes he inſpired,
To ſee them eſtranged as thoſe that ne'er met,
Their cheek pale with grief while the eye is unfired.

But friendſhip binds firmer and ſtronger each band,
In weal or in woe it is ever the ſame,
Though ocean divide or we roam in ſtrange land,
The torch burns too ſtrong to extinguiſh the flame.

True love nought ſurpaſſes, yet friendſhip I've ſhown
Still dwells while the lover pines on in regret,
So unleſs the path's ſmooth, then with me you muſt own,
It were better, far better, they never had met.

But you, my kind friend, can more truly define,
For thy pencil the inmoſt receſſes portray,
While thy genius ſhines forth as we trace in each line
The thought or emotion the lip fears to ſay.

Auguſt, 1849.

ON READING

THAT MY FRIEND MR. LYON

WAS THE FIRST TO MEET THE QUEEN ON HER LANDING AT CORK.

WHILE the king of the foreſt pre-eminent ſtands
For courage, for valour, o'er Afric's parch'd ſands,
'Tis no wonder that Erin, to welcome her queen,
Should chooſe that a Lyon ſhould foremoſt be ſeen.
You might aſk, can a lion in peace ever dwell?
To anſwer this queſtion I quickly will tell:
His home is an Eden, I'll preſently ſhow,
So ceaſe all ſurpriſe, for in truth I well know
'Tis like Paradiſe, lovely in wood, grove, or glen,
This beauteous of ſpots yclept Miſerden;
Fit place for a Lyon to chooſe his retreat.
His den is moſt ſpacious, his loved country ſeat.
"The Lady of Lyons" dwells there with her lord,
Deſervedly loved both at home or abroad;
But do no injuſtice, 'tis no miſer's den,
Lyon-hearted its inmates, and gen'rous I ken.

Auguſt 13th, 1849.

A PUZZLE.



N abbeſs once lived who was called St. Urſule,
Who kept all her nuns to the convent's ſtrict rule.
At night after beads and all penances o'er,
To their cells they repair'd, but one thing remain'd more :.
Her quadrangle ſhe paced, and from windows on high
She counted them all with her vigilant eye.
Now do not be ſhock'd at the tale I ſhall tell,
But within theſe dark walls juſt hear what befell.
Four knights who were paſſing demanded to ſee
An abbey far-famed for its "ſweet charitie;"
But though richly endow'd, its founder had ſaid
All who enter'd muſt pay for a maſs for the dead.
So theſe knights paid their ſhare, and the gates open'd wide,
Whilſt the abbeſs advanced with a matronly pride;
And, indeed, had you ſeen ſo many ſweet faces,
You'd have thought, as the knights, of theſe ſiſters like graces.
Well, theſe chivalrous knights at the cloſe of the day
Were ſo charm'd with the nuns they determined to ſtay,

At leaſt for ſome hours till their plans were matured,
To releaſe four fair nuns from the thraldom endured.
But now their great trouble was ſo to tranſpoſe
That the abbeſs ſhould count but juſt nine in her rows;
So you, my good friends, muſt arrange theſe four knights,
And whilſt taking them in they muſt keep out of frights.
The following night their four pages appear'd
In ſearch of their maſters, for whom they had fear'd;
And theſe clever young nuns ſo arranged all the four
That the pages were placed and you counted no more.
But mark now my ſtory, and own it no wonder
Theſe knights fell in love, and "bolts, bars, flew aſunder!"
So that night the four knights with four nuns and four pages
Eſcaped—and who would not in all future ages?
And, ſtranger than all, the old abbeſs made out
The ſame number of nuns as ſhe walk'd round about;
And you, my good friends, muſt do the ſame too,
Or you'll find that the nuns were more clever than you.

ANSWER.

Transfer five to each centre, and then you will ſee
The number of nine from each row will agree.



When the pages appear, then place ſeven, and you'll find
The pages are hid whom the knights left behind,
And when pages and nuns and the knights are not found,
Put four in each corner and one all around.

September 29th, 1865.

TO MY ESTEEMED FRIEND J. S.

ON HER MARRIAGE WITH CAPTAIN B—.

THRICE happy they in Hymen's bands
Whoſe hearts unite as well as hands;
And while I thus this truth declare,
May your bright lot be free from care.
I'm told that thou this day art wed—
On thee may golden joys be ſhed,
And ev'ry bleſſing round thee flow
That friend can aſk or Heav'n beſtow.
Some planet rules, ſo wiſe men ſay,
And guides us from our natal day:
Thus may the ſtar when you were born
Shine brightly on thy wedding morn.
Years have roll'd on ſince laſt we met,
And yet believe I ne'er forget

When we in friendſhip's chain entwined,
Whilſt others to their couch reclined.
Talk'd on the future, though no ray
Of light could ſhow our onward way—
In myſtery wiſely veil'd from ſight—
Whate'er our path, if dark or bright;
But ſtill fond memory oft recalls
Thoſe joyous days in Frederick's Halls,
When you in merry mirth and glee,
With warmth of heart oft welcomed me.
If in theſe lines you cannot trace,
Or feſtive ſcenes have long effaced
All thoughts of one whoſe prayer will be
For health, long life, and peace to thee:
Remember that in Weſtern lands
You've one firm friend in M. A. Sandys.

October 12th, 1848.

TO THE MISSES JONES.

YOU ſaid, and truly ſaid, "In days of yore,"
While youthful folly ſhunn'd all learn'd lore,
"You knew me not!" my brow o'ercaſt with care,
'Twas but the type of ſorrow ſhadow'd there;

At home depreſſ'd, ſave one kind voice to cheer,
My buoyant ſpirit chill'd, and taught to fear.
Yet memory brings with all "her ſilent train,"
One thought of thee that dwells upon the brain.
The heart e'er thinks on early kindneſs ſhown,
Which while I live in gratitude I'll own,
'Twill ſay with truth my love was then ſincere,
Nor has it ceaſed, for each are ſtill moſt dear.
Then let me pray, may Heaven's beſt bleſſings flow,
The choiceſt our Creator can beſtow.
Commending to His care thy thoughts, thy ways;
He guardian angel o'er life's fleeting days!
May health and peace long, long thy paths enſhrine,
And pure bright days with length of life be thine!
And whilſt I dwell in Erin's emerald lands,
I ſay farewell; but think on Marianne Sandys.

April 3rd, 1848.

ON THE FIRM OF RHODES AND LANE,

ON THEIR DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

IT is very ſtrange, but not the leſs true,
A *Lane* without turning I picture in you,
And as for your Partner, there are few who don't know
If they take the broad *Rhode*, to deſtruction they go.

You heed not my caſe, and though I've fair lands,
I can build upon nought but my own native Sandys.
But lately I've heard, though it may not be right,
The Rhodes are made *firm*, and the Lane's *out of ſight*.

TO A FRIEND.

KNIGHT ERRANTRY.

THOUGH knights with their ancient days have fled,
When Chivalry rear'd its noble name;
Some gentle blood ſtill flows, it is ſaid,
To pluck a wreath from the brow of Fame!

Then hither I come, full clad in ſteel,
As your knight to preſerve from danger;
For I am a taliſman charm for weal
As you roam through lands a ſtranger.

Then accept my ſhield, though paſt thoſe days,
But at leaſt let me cling by thy ſide;
Though no minſtrel's harp ſhall ſing my praiſe,
In me without fear your heart confide.

April 23rd, 1850.

LINES TO ——.

FAREWELL! If we ne'er meet again,
My prayer until life's cloſe
Will be for thee, with lips unfeign'd,
To free thee from earth's woes!

I ſadly think as years roll paſt
How much thine heart has changed,
But thoughts will flow, while memory laſts,
And preſs the aching brain!

Now from this painful theme I'll ſtray,
And dwell on joyous hours,
On many a bright and ſunny day,
When no dark cloud e'en lower'd.

Fain would I think thou art not changed,
Did not thy coldneſs ſhow
That love once loſt is ne'er regain'd
Whilſt pilgrims here below.

Farewell! Again my prayer ſhall be,
Amid our ſtormy way,
That bounteous Heaven may ſhine on thee
One live-long, brilliant ray!

Miſerden, 1848.

TO MY FRIEND E.

WHILE ſtrolling midſt the London din,
You paſs a ſhop yclept Berlin,
You will oblige friend Sandys, I'm ſure,
And try theſe patterns to procure:
Two ſkeins of each will be enough,
White, olive, green, and laſtly buff.

1848.

TO MY FRIEND C. B., ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

THE tribute is but ſmall,
And weak indeed the lay
That friendſhip greets thee with
On this thy natal day;
And ſtill though friends combine
My writing to deſpiſe,
Yet long I've lived to know
True feeling's all we prize!
'Tis now about three years
(It ſhould have been for ever)
Since quill and I agreed
'Twere beſt for us to ſever.

I quarrell'd with her point,
She laid the blame on me,
Yet ſtill we travel on,
And neither can agree.

TO MY FRIEND E. E.

WE know that thoſe we hold moſt dear
Muſt leave this earth for realms above.
We mourn, yet truſt they will appear
Encompaſſ'd with a Saviour's love!

Then let not thy pure heart be bow'd,
Nor ſay thy days of peace are paſt;
"The ſilver lining gilds the cloud,"
And Heaven will bleſs with joys that laſt.

June, 1852.

TO A VALUED FRIEND.

MY Muſe, if aſk'd to plume her wings,
Flies to Love's ſparkling fount, whence ſprings
The hallow'd joys of which ſhe ſings!

Oh ſylvan woods, breathe forth the ſtrain,
Re-echo o'er yon hill and plain
How pure, how ſacred is that flame.

'Tis not of earth, 'tis Heaven's bright ray
That ſheds celeſtial warmth each day,
And lightens all life's rugged way:

Whoſe torch ne'er needs rekindling fire,
Nor ſoul entranced by poet's lyre;
The electric ſpark will ne'er expire.

Then think it not a fleeting dream;
Heaven's ſacred vault chants forth the theme,
In Eden ſhone its radiant beam.

It brings not anxious cares or fears,
Nor thoughts to cloud life's waning years;
Hearts thus entwined it but endears.

November, 1851.

ON FRIENDSHIP.



H come, my harp! and I will bring
Each note in tune, and quickly ſtring
The chords to flow in ſofteſt ſtrains,
The theme will ſoon reward my pains.

To friendſhip's joys I pour my lay :
The world's a ſtormy, rugged way ;
But friendſhip lightens all our cares,
And all our joys and ſorrows ſhares.

Thus while I ponder o'er life's dream,
Where many are not what they ſeem ;
Can earth a gift more pure impart
Than friendſhip twining round the heart ?

Should ſuffering to the couch confine,
Or Fortune frown and ſtorms combine :
This gem of gold no ills can mar,
It ſhines as bright as radiant ſtar.

And when from friends we're forced to part,
So keen the feeling tears will ſtart ;
It needs no words to reaſſure,
The pang is mutual each endure.

When ſympathy of ſouls unite,
'Tis friendſhip's fervent, ſteady light.
Then hail the boon ! ſuch bleſſing greet,
It cheers our path till next we meet.

1853.

TO MISS C., ON HER MARRIAGE WITH COUNT DE T——.

THRICE happy they in Hymen's bands
Whoſe hearts unite as well as hands;
And whilſt I thus this truth declare,
May your bright lot be free from care.
Some planet rules, 'tis ſaid of old,
But is there one that crowns with gold?
There's Cupid, Venus, likewiſe Mars,
Each ply their arts and leave us ſcars.
But may the ſtar when you were born
Shine luſtrous on thy wedding morn.
Thus may you count on bliſs divine,
A Count you've gain'd, account him thine!

ON PRETTY GYP, OR GYPSY,

A VERY FAVOURITE KING CHARLES'S SPANIEL.

BENEATH thoſe ancient lilacs' fragrant ſhade,
In calm retreat, our darling Gyp is laid;
Matchleſs in beauty, deareſt of thy race!
Two friends have laid thee in thy reſting-place.

None knew ſo well thy pretty, joyous ways:
Hunting for butterflies in ſummer's days,
Or rambling oft in College Garden grounds,
Puſs lurking forth to ſtop thy merry bounds.
Thy little ſponge I ſaw, and tears I ſhed
To think no more 'twould waſh thy pretty head.
Is it poetic fancy to believe
Thy form reanimate, again to breathe?
Then be it ſo, 'twill ſolace many an hour,
'Twill fill the void whilſt memory holds her power.
One thing is certain, whatſoe'er our thought,
None were created by our God for nought!

January 4th, 1863.

TO MY VALUED FRIEND E. E.

THIS ſaid, when on our natal day,
With ſky ſerene, the morn proves fine,
Hope ſoftly whiſpers o'er our way
The year propitiouſly will ſhine!

But ſhould it rain, or clouds e'en lower,
Let it not caſt one anxious fear;

It burſts the bud of fruit and flower,
And joy ſucceeds the pearly tear.

And may this be to thee, my friend,
All that thy fondeſt hopes deſire;
And whereſoe'er thy footſteps bend,
May radiant joys thy heart inſpire.

What more, then, can I add to this,
But that thy path may proſperous be?
If aught it fails in earthly bliſs,
Still know my fervent prayer's for thee.

June 11th, 1852.

TO MY FRIEND E. E.

THIS ſaid that when the ſun's bright ray
In radiance ſhines to cheer the day
Which celebrates a mortal's birth,
It omens well a year of mirth.

Then may this year auſpicious be,
Health, joy, and peace attending thee;
Though fleecy clouds appear on high,
Ethereal blue ſurrounds the ſky.

Rich earthly gifts friends often pour,
And much we prize ſuch varied ſtore,
Yet better far than jewels rare
Is that which Time can ne'er impair.

Oh! would you know the gem I mean,
Whoſe luſtre vies with emerald green,
And cannot ſpoil by length of time,
Which only makes it brighter ſhine?

'Tis friendſhip that no cloud can part,
When firmly twined around the heart;
And we have worn this golden chain,
Which never ſhould be ſnapp'd in twain.

Around thee may all bleſſings flow
Which bounteous Heaven can beſtow;
For whereſoe'er my lot be caſt,
My love through life ſhall always laſt.

For ev'ry gift that Heaven can ſend,
I would implore for thee, my friend;
Long mayſt thou live, when locks grow grey,
With peace to hail thy lateſt day.

June 11th, 1850.

TO A FRIEND.

WITH love and good wiſhes this trifle I send,
'Twill tell you the day when the months quickly end,
And whilſt they roll ſwiftly, may each prove to be
One of joy, one of peace, my dear friend, to thee.

December 14th, 1851.

TO F. L.

IF I could climb Parnaſſus' height,
'Twould make amends that I can't write;
But now my friends, both one and all,
Can read no letters, great or ſmall.

Though oft in dogg'rel rhyme I ſcrawl,
And tell of laird in ancient hall,
It's but to paſs an hour along,
In ſpirit to invoke their throng.

And thus, my brother Lindeſay,
I haſte to tell thee why the day,
Or time, you fix'd for my return
Can't be juſt yet; ſo look not ſtern.

You placed before me tempting fare—
Roaſt beef, plum pudding, turkeys rare—
To which good cheer, with Soyer's aid,
You could not fail to be repaid.

How can I then refuſe th' appeal?
For I moſt truly, warmly feel,
What words can never half impart,
O'erflowings of a grateful heart.

And now for reaſons why 'tis plain
That I can't join your mirthful train:
Lawyers' dull briefs and Chancery rolls
Step in between congenial ſouls.

Then beſt of wiſhes do I ſend
To brother, nephew, niece, and friend;
To all may Chriſtmas merry be,
And though not there I'll think of thee.

December, 1851.

TO MY BROTHER MARCUS, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

TWICE ten and nine thy years complete,
Th' auſpicious day, fond Marc, I greet.
Parted by Fate's relentleſs hand,
It ſevers not affection's band.
Though ſages ſay when we get old,
It follows that our love grows cold,
Let us ſuch reaſoning e'er deny,
While wiſeheads, doubting, heave a ſigh.
But I will let them hold their views,
And call to aid my friend the Muſe;
For ſhe will this clear truth impart,
And portray feelings of my heart.
May ev'ry bleſſing round thee flow
Which love can aſk or Heaven beſtow;
Thy path with golden virtues ſhine,
And length of days long, long be thine.
And while I thus my wiſhes pour,
For health and joy a bounteous ſtore,
Think not one moment I forget,
Though years roll on ſince laſt we met.
Another does my thoughts employ,
And doubly hail this morn with joy.

A parent's "natal-day" we keep,
And in our ſtores of memory ſeek
For ſome new thought within that treaſure
Which each fond heart pours forth with pleaſure.
Though abſent, add this wiſh of mine,
May health and peace his path entwine;
In life's rough road few ſorrows know,
Though many thorns reſt here below.
Should I omit one boon to name,
Honour and fame an empire claim;
And blame my Muſe, who'll not enlighten,
Nor lend me aid my brains to brighten.
So leaving this world's buſy din,
Where earth's fair form was ſpoilt by ſin,
And wiſhing every bliſs below,
Still add one prayer where all muſt go:
May radiant joys gild life's decline,
And peace eternal—his and thine.

June 4th, 1848.

TO FRIEND E.

THE attraction is flown
When friend E. is gone home,
And thus do I mournfully ſing:
Oh! give me a dart
To pierce thro' my heart,
And I from this earth ſhall take wing.

September 4th, 1848.

ON A "BONJOUR PHILIPPE."



OU choſe to have bonbons my loſſes to pay,
And moſt willing I am you ſhould have your own way;
To which I ſhall add, as it's Allhallow eve,
Some nuts, that may aid a bright future to weave.
And may they burn true, and not bounce from the fire,
Or, faith! upon me you might wreak all your ire.
But whatever their freaks, one thing is quite clear,
The omens, I hope, will give no cauſe for fear.

1854.

TO FREDERICK LINDESAY, ESQ.



HE banner waves in Lindeſay's hall,
A trophy ſtill of bygone days;
It ſheds a luſtre on that wall,
The theme of many a minſtrel's lays.

Their ſtandard rear'd, awed many a foe,
For valour mark'd their deeds of arms,
Whoſe warriors reſt where all muſt go,
Till Heaven's laſt trumpet thrills alarms.

Though ſtern in war, ſtill captive bound
To gentle maiden's beaming eyes,
When Love's bright lamp had ſhed around,
No toil too great to win that prize.

When knight to knight, in tournament,
Sought high-born dame's approving glance,
Reckleſs of life, on victory bent,
Proud Lindeſay wielded firm his lance.

And though, alas! ſuch days are paſt,
Unſullied ſtill their honour flows,
Yet Time its iron hand has caſt,
A ſhade to cloud the paſt with woes.

For ages yet may Lindeſay's name
Ennobled be in ev'ry clime;
For brightly on the roll of fame
Live thoſe who bend to valour's ſhrine!

Miſerden, 1865.

TO J. W.

MANY rings croſs the path of the wanderer's way:
There's the ring for the racehorſe whoſe jockey has ſway,
And whoſe maſter is oftentimes ruin'd, or ſold;
There's the pugiliſt's ring, and the ring of pure gold:

Then in childhood we dwelt on the Elfins' charm'd
ring,
Doubting not that their footſteps that circlet did
bring.
And you have a ring which I prize above others,
Although not the gift of a ſiſter or brother's.
But "Exchange is no robbery," I have heard ſay,
So return me the ring you in ſport took away;
In its place accept one, may it be to your mind,
And its links, like our friendſhip, be ever entwined.

September 3rd, 1849.

ON THE NEW YEAR, 1849.

(AT TWELVE AT NIGHT.)

THE year is cloſing faſt around,
A few ſhort moments—hark! the ſound
Of bells, which bid us hail and greet
The coming year we ſoon ſhall meet.

And Time, which ſpeeds with haſty wing,
The darken'd Future ſoon will bring;
Unrolling, may bright clouds appear,
That we may welcome this new year.

The paſt has teem'd, how ſad th' event,
With thrones o'erturn'd and kingdoms rent;

But may this one about to dawn,
Reſemble not the one that's gone.

And as we tread earth's varied ſcene,
How mutable ſoe'er it's been,
Let not the brow with anxious fear
Be clouded on the newborn year.

The gold is not without alloy,
And tranſient oft is human joy.
Yet damp not with dull thoughts this hour,
The ſtorm precedes the genial ſhower.

But let us, as we journey faſt,
Improve the time that yet ſhall laſt;
For this, forſooth, will baniſh fear,
And crown with joy the coming year.

How quickly do the moments ſteal,
And rapid ſtrides in age we feel;
Time's ſilver locks we all revere,
May God long ſpare us many a year!

Amen.

THE FATHER TO HIS SON,

ON THE WEDDING DAY.

THE ſun one blaze of glory beams,
As if in anſwer to my prayer;
That joy replete as now it teems,
Such bliſs, my ſon, may you long ſhare.

For this is now thy wedding day,
And youth's beſt hopes firſt centred there
When yon loved bride did bluſhing ſay
Your joys or ſorrows ſhe would ſhare.

No luſtrous gem is half ſo bright
As love appears when hearts entwine;
The ring proclaims the myſtic rite,
The pledge when thou canſt call her thine.

The bells announce ſhe's now thy wife,
A gift more precious far than gold;
Though clouds may riſe, thy path through life,
While Cupid guides, will joys unfold!

But heed, my ſon; ſhould care betide,
Let not one murmur e'er intrude:

She left her home to be thy bride,
Then love her as when firſt you woo'd.

Her heart will then, as now, be thine,
Fond love's pure flame will ne'er expire;
We ſee the ſapling haſte to twine
To ſome ſtrong prop from tempeſt's ire.

Think not, my ſon, in this appeal,
I doubt thy love till life's decline;
Whate'er I ſay, oh ever feel
Thy joy and weal are bound with mine.

And now again before we part,
A father's bleſſing both will bear;
Whoſe laſt deſire with warmeſt heart,
Is raiſed to Him who ſhields from care.

April, 1849.

TO S. R.

WHILST waiting to argue with lawyers profound
About mortgages, leaſes, and rents yclept ground,
I cannot do better than write to my friend,
And truſt ſhe'll approve of the gift I now ſend.

'Twill be uſeful in keeping accounts that might
ſtray,
For young people forget where they hide them
away.
And when Mary ſhall enter, with a look that's quite
funny,
Saying, " Pleaſe, ma'am, the milkman's in want of
his money,"
Away you can fly to your ſecret ſtronghold,
Where, 'midſt bills and receipts, you will find the
bright gold.

And now, my dear Sarah, I think it far better
To expreſs my deſires, and then cloſe my letter.
May you have of life's bleſſings rich gifts for your
ſhare,
Such as health, joy, and peace, with few trials to
bear.
But from them none are free, 'tis our lot whilſt we
live,
Yet accept the beſt wiſhes which I've power to
give:
May you and your huſband enjoy, year by year,
That bliſs which alone can make this life be dear.

TO MY VALUED FRIEND E. L.

THE ſun ſhines forth its brighteſt ray!
The balmy air refreſhing blows,
The birds ſtill carol forth their lay,
Life's chequer'd ſtream ſtill onward flows!

But thou art gone, my much-loved friend,
Thy lot is caſt in fairy ground;
And well thou know'ſt each wiſh I ſend
Is that thy joys may more abound.

Thy home will look to paſſers-by
The ſame as when thy preſence cheer'd,
But thoſe within will breathe a ſigh,
For well thou hadſt each heart endear'd!

The ſcene is changed to friendſhip's eye,
Thy merry voice, oft heard awhile,
Has left a blank that none ſupply,
Nor e'en replace thy witching ſmile.

But if I weave a chaplet rare
To deck thy brow with friendſhip's chain,

The amaranth flowers ſhall circle there,
For they will ever bloom the ſame.

Oh may thy life protracted be
To gladden hearts o'er many a year!
While nought can change regard for thee,
To me thou'lt ever be as dear.

Miſerden, 1849.

TO A VALUED FRIEND, E. L.

WHO loves thee as I do? Oh, ſearch the world round,
There's none in affection I know to be found!
Then give as a recompenſe, now we're apart,
The gift that I aſk, and that gift is thine heart!

Thy bright ſparkling eye, though attractive it be,
There's ſomething about thee far dearer to me;
'Tis this I love better, ſo guileleſs thou art;
Then give me this gift, and this gift is thine heart!

There's many will flatter, and that will ſoon tire,
But ſweet is thy temper, which all muſt admire;
And true as the needle points north in all lands,
So true in regard is thy friend Marianne Sandys!

Our life may be ſhort, or our life may be long,
But while in this world both my prayer and my ſong
Shall be for each bleſſing that God can impart,
And a haven of reſt whene'er you depart!

Miſerden, November 11th, 1848.

TO A FRIEND.

WHAT, deareſt E——, cauſed you ſurpriſe,
Becauſe a gift I ſent?
The problem you can well ſurmiſe:
A proof of love was meant.
You aſk me why I ſo regard?
Thy goodneſs pleaſed me well,
Whoſe ſunny ſmile made parting hard,
A grief too keen to tell.
And this I know, where'er I go,
Such love is deep enſhrined,
Delighting not in outward ſhow,
But round my heart is twined.

Miſerden, September 25th, 1848.

TO A FRIEND.

MY dear Miſs Page,
It ſeems an age
Since laſt I heard from you.
So now I ſend
To you, my friend,
This book, both quaint and true.

It tells of ſoldiers who have fought,
And flags all torn with divers ſhot;
With honours that no money bought,
And yet whoſe deeds are ne'er forgot.

Pray let us know,
Before you go,
When we ſhall meet again.
So fix a day
To come, I pray,
Nor ſend excuſes vain.

July 3rd, 1853.

ON PAINTING A LANDSCAPE FOR A KIND FRIEND'S BIRTHDAY.

WHETHER the ſun ſhine forth its
brighteſt ray
To welcome thee on this auſpicious
day,
Still friends with kindly offerings circle round,
Whilſt heartfelt wiſhes for thy weal abound!
Amidſt the train "long-look'd-for" comes, 'tis
true,
With mountain, lake, and tiny boat in view!
Its failings great, nor merit can it claim,
Save that to pleaſe thee was the end and aim!
Be that its worth to thee, my much-loved friend,
While friendſhip weaves a wreath time ne'er muſt
end.
And when I rove to far-famed Erin's lands,
I would thou ſometimes thought of M. A. Sandys.

Chelſea College, June 8th, 1856.

TO JULIA.



IS reported you lately were heard to declare
That no preſent you'd take from a friend;
Such a rumour, I own, made me doubt and deſpair,
Yet this day I will venture to ſend.

Then with it accept all that friendſhip can give,
For the off'ring is deep and ſincere;
That Heaven's beſt bleſſing be yours whilſt you live,
And years of enjoyment with all you hold dear.

June 8.

ON SENDING A WEDDING PRESENT TO C. R.



O, Charlie, you have got the gout,
And, doubtleſs, you both ſtorm and pout;
But cheer, boy, cheer! bright dawns the day
That twines you round with "May, ſweet May."

And now an offering do I ſend,
By none foreſtalled, I hope, my friend.
In days to come it may be found
To ſave you ſearching all around
For letter, note, or bill that's ſtray'd,
Perchance, indeed, for one prepaid.
And may both health and joy be thine,
So prays, I know, St. Valentine;
Whilſt each revolving wedding day
Is brighten'd by thine own loved May.

AN IMPROMPTU;

OR, GOOSEQUILL'S LAMENT.[1]

WY miſtreſs has done, and no more will ſhe write,
For her friends can't decipher the black from the white.
Oh! where ſhall I fly? to whom ſhall I go?
For all after her will appear to me ſlow.
The racehorſe, the railroad, though ſwift in their way,
Galloped not half ſo faſt as I did each day;
The pencils of painters are ſaid to impart
Their genius to thoſe who'd excel in the art;

[1] On being told by a friend that he could not read one word of my letter.

So I think I will try and offer a bribe
To ſome ſkilful wight, who is call'd a good ſcribe;
I might then improve and get pointed aright,
The fault may be mine, and the ſtrokes be too light.
For, ſomehow, I don't like to leave an old friend,
In this age of "wonders" I ſurely might mend;
I'll juſt aſk to be placed in friend Goodenough's hands,
And when I have learnt, I'll go back to Dame Sandys.

October 25th, 1849.



TO THE MEMORY OF CHICHESTER FORTESCUE BOLTON, ESQ.,

A MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE JANUARY 20TH, 1865.

THUS did thy gentle ſpirit paſs away
To realms of bliſs to join the heavenly throng;
Whilſt wife and children round thy couch that day
Pray'd God might ſpare thee, and thy life prolong.

Kind, generous, noble, and lamented friend!
How dear waſt thou to thoſe who knew thee beſt;
But ties are ſever'd, and our heart-ſtrings rend,
Though thou from cares and grief for ever reſt!

O'er many a ſummer's day or wintry eve
Thy merry voice has cheer'd with ſong or lay:
Can we find ſolace, or can Mem'ry weave
One thought to ſoothe now thou art paſſ'd away?

Yes, thou wilt reap that rich, that bleſſ'd reward
Promiſed to all who on their Saviour truſt;

Waiting the Trumpet's ſound to meet thy Lord,
And break thoſe bonds which Death diſſolves in duſt.

The Sacred Book was frequently thy thought,
And meditated on by day and night;
Its value thou impreſſ'd on youth, and taught
How pure, how lovely was that Lamp of Light.

Few ſons of earth had half thy learned lore,
Or could ſo well depict loved Shakeſpeare's ſtrain;
Nor ſweetly ſing the ſongs of minſtrel Moore,
Or charm with poem from thy gifted brain.

The day will come, perhaps it draweth near,
When we like thee ſhall ſleep the ſleep of death;
Oh, may we paſs its portals without fear,
And like thy peaceful end reſign our breath!

Newport Caſtle, March 20th, 1865.

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